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tion of the Proprietors) until arrears are paid.

Agriculture.

Horses.—Those who have the care of horses are frequently very negligent in the manner of discharging their duty. There is no animal in existence so susceptible to the effects of dirt, impure air, bad bedding, &c., as the horse. All excrements in a horse's stable, however small in quantity, should be removed at least once a day, and a clean, dry place left for the animal to stand, or lie down upon. Many a horse, when stabled for an hour's feeding, is placed in a close, filthy place, without a breath of pure air—there obliged to make his meal. We would almost as soon think of eating in such a place ourselves, as of compelling a horse to do it. If you have no windows in your stable, by all means make one at once, or knock off a board, to let in light and pure air. When you have removed the droppings from the stable at night, strew the floor with dry straw, or muck;—the value of the manure will more than repay the expense—besides rendering your horse healthier.

Horses take cold very easily; for this reason they should never be turned from a warm stall, where they have perspired for an hour, directly into a damp pasture—Neither should a horse ever be left to lie down over night in a damp pasture where there is no shelter, but let a shed be built, to which they can retire at night. A horse will never lie down in an open lot when he can find a place of shelter; and if there is nothing better, they will always get near a fence or tree at night.

PRESERVING GRAIN.—The ventilating or tubular arrangement for the preservation of grain, flour, Indian meal, and other vegetable substances, says the celebrated Andrew Ure, M. D., F. R. S., Professor of Chemistry, London, "the plan of separating masses of vegetable matter by means of a tubular arrangement, is at once philosophical and effective, inasmuch as it annuls the centre, thus affording ventilation and a means of escape for the moisture in all vegetable substances, the presence of which in a confined state soon generates heat in the centre of the mass, the result of which is sour flour, musty meal, and damaged grain in large bulk." I have Indian meal in this city two years old, having been manufactured and packed in the tubular barrel in May, 1854. It has crossed the Atlantic four times. The quality of the meal has materially improved by age. I have a barrel of meal in Paris (France). It was put up in May, 1854, and shipped to France in February, 1855.

HOW TO HEAD OR BURY THE CUT-WORM.—As there was so much damage to the corn crop last year from the cut-worm, and fearing the same this year, I submit for your disposal the following fact:—About twenty years since my father found the cut-worm likely to destroy his corn crop; so, taking opportunity after a rain, he went over his corn-field, and, with a sharpened stick about the size of a broom handle, made several smooth holes around each hill. When the worms were crawling from one hill to another during the night, it so happened they would fall into these holes, and on account of their clumsy nature were unable to extricate themselves from their prison house. This simple remedy father found saved his corn crop.

B. F. Wright, New York, May, 1856.
An experienced farmer, to whom we have just read the above, says he tried the same remedy, and that it proved effectual.

Ed. Rural New Yorker.

CORN COBS.—The truth will soon be out, and farmers who have been seized with such a terrible fit of economy in the use of corn cobs will have to yield to the light of common sense and reason. Dr. Charles T. Jackson of Boston informs the Patent Office people that he has analyzed the corn cob, and finds that it contains four and a half parts in one hundred of nutritive matter, consisting of gum, starch, and dextrine. From this it appears that it is of scarcely more value to consume as food than as fuel. This analysis being correct, no good farmer can afford to spend his time in soaking and salting and grinding corn cobs, any more than he could afford to grind sugar maple trees into saw dust, and feed it to his cattle. Better by far use that time in sowing corn broadcast, or in drills, for fodder, with the absolute certainty of good results in feeding, than to resort to doubtful expedients to economize food.

LEAF MANURE.—If you have a large pile of leaves, which you would convert into manure, adopt the following process:—Slake fresh lime with brine, till it falls to a powder. Turn your leaves with a fork, and sprinkle this powder evenly among them, at the rate of four bushels to a cord of leaves. Turn the heap now and then, and you will soon have a noble manure. Nothing is better applied to fruit trees.

A deep and thoroughly tilled soil is the only safe guard against the drouths of our American Summers.

Voted, That the thanks of the Newport Reading Room and Lyceum be tendered to Col. C. C. VANZANDT, for the able and appropriate address delivered before them this evening, and that a copy be requested for publication in the *Newport Mercury*.
Attest:
WM. J. SWINBURNE, President.
Newport, June 26, 1856.

ADDRESS:

We have met to-night in a social and friendly way, to inaugurate a strongly practical enterprise, and to christen the literary offspring of our efforts and our hopes.

Simple and unpretending as the idea of starting a new reading room may appear to many of you, yet a little thought will render it highly suggestive of cultivation to be acquired, and of benefits to be reaped; of pleasant evenings to be whiled away in a pleasant manner in the companionship of thinking men, surrounded by books, papers and periodicals teeming with news from at home and abroad—that has come trembling and vibrating over the thin wires of the quick telegraph—or has been borne in the bosom of some mighty steamer roaring across the ocean, churning the waves into foam as she walks the water. How homelike and comfortable we miserable Bachelors will feel, on winter nights, when the wind holds "high carnival" without, and the silent snow is gradually falling and drifting, across the almost deserted streets, to be closely clasped in the extended arms of one of these big chairs, with mellow light around us, and the red glow of the fire to cheer our hearts, reading great and little newspapers of all possible creeds, complexions and politics, until we begin to almost doubt our individual identity, and then calmly subsiding into a quiet, meditative mood, as we scan the pages of "old Ebony," or our friend Knicker, as we shake our sides at the jokes and jibes and spirit of the legitimate London Punch, or resolve ourselves into a committee of the whole to decide some knotty question of Political Economy or Jurisprudence, which has been mooted and argued pen and ink in the heavier pages of the English and Edinburgh reviews.

Here will be the bachelors' paradise and the Benedict's solace—for (with all respect to the fair sex be it said) big books never scold and little ones never cry, majestic folios never actively interfere with our pet oddities, and magazines like Putnam's and Harpers rarely blow up.

Old Newport has long required something to brighten up her ideas and add strength and character to her standard of intelligence and manly cultivation. She has lacked some earnest and active element to work like the revivifying leaven in the Scriptural parable, to give life and energy to the great torpid lump of her society and its associations. She requires a new baptizing to induce her to rise above her present position as a great watering place, a giant wash tub, peopled with true descendants of Diogenes, and assume her legitimate position among the cities of the North. Three solutions beset the Assyrian Leper, and fifteen seasons of scrubbing off everybody ought to regenerate Newport.

In this little Newport Reading Room, modest in its pretensions and limited in its means, I welcome in the faint dawning of a new era, the kindling a new light for all of us. The young mechanic, weary with the labors of the day, and tired with straining his arms to shape houses and build vessels, and beat the red iron into form, the merchant, with his hand and head weary of Debit and Credit, of Profit and Loss; the man of professions tired of banes and antidotes, of sympathy and cathartics, of plaintiff and defendant, and of fees that are not feasible. All these, when the evening comes, can drop their planes, chisels and hammers, and lancets and briefs, to find an hour's quiet recreation and rational enjoyment in the room which to-night we open to all, and invite all to enter.

It appears to me the ladies should be especially interested in this enterprise, for most of them have beaux, or ought to have at any rate, and what true woman would not prefer for a lover or a husband, a cultivated, reading man, a man who cherishes the germs of refinement which nature has implanted in the garden of his heart, and whose passions and affections are modified and shaped after the representative men who have ornamented the days that are past, and whose deeds still live on the brighter pages of history; whose memories still add lustre to the volumes they have penned and we are reading.

For we can all of us be great in some way or manner, although men may naturally differ, as "one star doth from another in glory" and radiance. The giant leading minds that shape and influence the age and its destinies, may sweep in sublime, as almost unapproachable magnificence, round and round in their great orbit of light and of usefulness, whilst others shine with a less dazzling, but perhaps, a purer light, to warm and strengthen the blessed thoughts and impulses which cluster around the fireside and home of the father and the

husband, who, in the true dignity of manhood, educates his children for their destined spheres of usefulness, and in casting his precept and example upon the great ebbing and flowing waters, finds that it will return to him again when the "almighty tree begins to blossom" in a harvest of affection, gratitude and respect.

A cultivated intellect is not the sole criterion of real greatness. The intellect must pulsate with the throbbings of the heart, and the heart must reflect and glow with the coloring of the mind—More intellectual polish is cold and dead and fruitless, and the unrefined workings of the warmest heart are, at best, crude and undeveloped.

My ideal of manhood, is to combine the two in a perfect whole, and to a certain extent realize the strength of the poet who said—

"Are only great as we are good."

There are a variety of ways to acquire a taste for reading, and through the gratification of that taste, to cultivate the better part of our nature and make the physical man with his nerves and sinews, his strong bones and well-developed form, subservient to the thrilling touch and glorious influence of that which waits within our breasts and craves the kingship of our deeds and words.

Some men are pampered in the broad lap of luxury from their earliest days, and although surrounded with an atmosphere of what the world calls refinement, because it is the offspring of affluence, they are more destitute of true, genuine cultivation, than the laquety who polishes their boots at day, and his intellect at night, encircled as they are with books for the sake of the binding and gilt edges, with paintings and statuary because they are fashionable, and the wealthy have them in their princely mansions, they become too frequently blasé and weary of existence, for our grosser appetites soon become sated and pallid, the mere painted shell of society gets to be worn and broken, and the fractures discover something "very rotten in the state of Denmark." There is no companionship to them in books and letters, and the only sympathetic link between themselves and their libraries is that the volumes are bound in choice Morocco by the bookseller to shine, and they are bound in calf, by nature, to exist.

Oh! the pearls and gems! the orient sparkling jewels, that in the length and breadth of our favored land are cast before biped swine and trampled under foot, slighted and unappreciated. Oh! the flowers of richness that waste their sweetness on the desert air of some fond father, with more bank bills than brains, who never handles the plumed pen except to write himself—an Ass, or write somebody else an Album. For often those who possess the greatest advantages, the least improve them; and we think of the Hebrew with the ten Golden Talents, and of his neighbor who possessed but one.

I have always admired a self-made, self-cultivated man. There is the ring of the true metal about him, and his anatomy is not devoid of that requisite for uprightness—a backbone. By this I do not mean an entirely self-dependant man—one who rests altogether upon himself is apt to be arrogant and selfish—but he who discovers and realizes his own talents, powers and energies, and in defiance of obstacles and embarrassments, expands and develops them by hard thinking and frequent reading, until he can influence those in his own position in life, and be to his associates a kind of "King among men."

More credit and honor is due to such an one, than to the throne monarch in his ermine and purple robes.

The one has made himself a man by his own industry and efforts. And the other has inherited a kingdom by the accident of birth.

The young mechanic sweating and laboring over the anvil or the bench has with his own capabilities which, if known and nurtured, may bring him fame and wealth; or, if possessed in a lesser degree, will elevate him in the respect of his fellow men and the confidence of a community; but to accomplish this requires some consistent effort on his part. The first steps are always slow, and sometimes tottering, but by and by, confidence adds strength and experience swiftness, and the thought of looking backward is lost as the prospect of usefulness and honor brightens beautifully in advance, like the Pilgrim of the Sun in the ballad, who commenced his journey toward the gates of Day a dwarf, and reached their radiant portals a giant.

But society certainly owes a duty to its striving sons, and if we need good citizens and honest men, we must help them to be so; and it appears to me that in this reading room we offer to our young men some inducements (trifling although they may appear) to inform themselves not only of the progress our happy country is making in the literature, the Arts and Sciences, but to store away in their memories for future "drafts at sight," valuable information on all those general topics which are so essential to the business interests of our

city, and so gracefully ornamental to the leisure hours and conversation of all of us.

There is scarcely a city, the size of Newport in our country, that does not boast an *Athenaeum*, well organized and endowed, containing a valuable library and well-stocked reading room, and in many instances enriched with rare antiquarian and historical collections. We may look into the Future and hope that our reading room, gradually extended and improved, will at no distant period possess all these attractive elements of usefulness. We are generally, during the long hours of winter, a people of leisure, and I am tempted to say of laziness—our time being about equally divided in attending to other people's business and courting our own sweet hearts. Now of the latter harmless amusement I have nothing to say, since my experience in that practical branch of domestic economy has been limited, owing to a constitutional difficulty in finding any fair daughter of Eve who thought enough of me to "make much of me," *de facto* my courting has been of a judicial character, in the matter of meddling with our neighbors' affairs, I would suggest with all due modesty, that the time might be more profitably employed, and the old world wag around on its creaking axis with about the same results which it now accomplishes.

I must disagree with the philosopher who said, "A little learning is a dangerous thing," for the possession of a little is apt to kindle a desire for more, and thus as it gradually grows with our growth and strengthens with our strength, we become wiser and better men—wiser for every day life and its manifold service. Better! *ay, better!* for that life—a thought of which will row and then shoot like a quick span across the mind of the most careless and indifferent, illumining as with a flash of fire, the corners of the heart, where purity and truth are crouching and trembling at a wasted Present, a blighted Past, and a Future like a yawning gulf in the night, beyond which God only knows!

Some one has said that "every spoken word will ring and thrill and echo through the corridors of time," and the thought is fearfully pregnant with suggestions.

Galileo struck his foot upon the earth and said "by all the Gods it moves!" and they poisoned him, but his dust still trembles with the motion of the globe and his words yet live to be believed.

Socrates told his pupils that the soul of man must exist forever—that it was undying, and in the Phaedron revealed to them a beautiful glimpse of Truth—a bright vision of Immortality—for after life's fitful fever to sleep, perchance to dream. *Ay! Plato, there's the rub,* and the pitiless sentinel handed him the cup of dark hemlock. He quaffed it to the dregs, and ere night fell over the imperial city, Socrates knew that *he and his were immortal*.

But in a little book, in the curious language of the ancient Grecians, we still pursue his gropings after truth, and cherish and revere his memory.

How many Romans and Grecians have died and been forgotten, whilst Socrates and Galileo live. And so I have thought that wisdom and learning were not for this brief life alone, but that we would carry them through Eternity.

For I remember even skeptics have written that Death was the jailer holding the key of the fetters that cramp and chain our intellects; but that by and by they will rattle and clank harshly in his hands, the rusted bolts will grate back in the sockets, the manacles will fall broken to the earth, and the soul rush from its prison house untrammelled and eternal; but it will preserve its identity; it will carry with it, its associations and its training, enlarged and expanded infinitely, but still the same as we shaped them in the prison.

The man of refinement, of reading, and of thought in proportion to the advantages which he has possessed, will then be great and good, indeed, but he who has wasted life's bright moments in indolence and refused to nurture that spark of vital flame which makes man almost a God, will bear the stamp of his own neglect forever—for Wordsworth said "the child is Father of the man."

Children we are here, however long we may live; then at last—then, truly, are we men. For Life and Death are so strangely blended in this world of ours, that the Egyptian skeleton is always beside us at the feast, and Time, the gray-beard, ever shakes his hour-glass before our eyes, in the morning it flashes with a thousand brilliancies, but in the evening too truthfully reflects the darkness as it falls around us.

Let us read and educate ourselves for these twilight hours of life, even if we never reach them, so that when the eye dims and the strength fails, the mind may kindle up anew, and the memory that we have cherished bless us and help us to the last.

For as children we think that Heaven is upheld by the purple mountains that border the horizon.

Adventure in California.

The truth of the following thrilling adventure is vouched for to us by a person who heard it from the lips of one of the party.

A party of three men started from Sacramento on a prospecting tour, and, being well supplied with provisions, they penetrated much further into the mountains than any other party, without meeting with any success. Being men of great perseverance however, they determined to pursue their course still further, although they had nearly reached a point where it was believed the foot of a white man never tread before. The party began to feel somewhat discouraged, as luck appeared to have abandoned them. They were many miles from any habitation, and their provisions were getting very low. A melancholy feeling pervaded the whole three, but they kept on until they came to a deep gulch. After making a thorough examination, they returned to Sacramento for ropes and provisions. Having procured these, and loaded their mules with as much as was thought necessary for their purpose, they proceeded again to the gulch. To get down this ravine was the next object. They tied a rope to a tree, and by this means one after the other descended to the bottom, after lowering down the provisions and tools. Here they found gold in abundance, and labored assiduously to secure their pile as soon as possible, not being particularly in love with their habitation. By a mere accident, after having been in the ravine for several weeks, they discovered that the rope had been cut by the Indians, or let loose by some other means which cut off all hopes of escape. The ledges of rock were perpendicular for hundreds of feet, and climbing up was out of the question. Their provisions rapidly diminished, and starvation stared them in the face. The gold which they secured, was of no use. They had made up their minds that their end was near. Providentially, a party of friendly Indians came by, and hearing the men hallooing they discovered their whereabouts, and ropes were obtained, and let down, when they were drawn up one by one, and their gold also. Being released from their prison, they liberally rewarded the Indians and went on their way to a more suitable location, thankful for their preservation from the awful fate with which they had been threatened.—*N. Y. Com. Advertiser.*

Ancient Remains in California.

Elisha Hughes in a letter from Santa Clara, California, to the *Scientific American*, gives the following account of some old ruins recently discovered:

"I recently had an opportunity of examining some ancient ruins, lately discovered, about six miles east of Santa Cruz. They were nearly buried up in a sand hill. I found twenty-three chimneys with their tops peering above ground. These chimneys are round, and vary in diameter from four to twelve inches. They are made of sandstone, and were filled up with loose sand. The stones of which they are built are circular, and cemented together. I stamped on the hill and it emitted a hollow sound, indicating vaulted chambers below. A tunnel is now being run in under the hill; at first it was attempted to sink a deep shaft, but the sand came in too fast upon the miners.

Who built these structures no one can imagine. They appear to be thousands of years old. A large yellow pine tree was growing on the top of the hill. The number of years required for the sand to cover up these houses and form the hill, before the seed of this large tree germinated, could not be less than two thousand years."

Keep Your Sabbath Holy.

Be jealous on this point. Whether you live in town or country, resolve not to profane your Sabbath. Once give over caring for the Sabbath, and in the end you will give over caring for your soul. The steps which lead to this are easy and regular. Begin with not honoring God's day, and you will soon not honor God's house; cease to honor God's book; and by-and-by you will give God no honor at all. Let any one lay the foundation with no Sabbath, and I am never surprised if he finishes with the top-stone of no God. It was a remarkable saying of Judge Hale, that all the persons convicted of capital crimes while he was upon the bench, he found few who did not confess that they began their career of wickedness by a neglect of the Sabbath.

Juggled Just Right.

A gentleman ordered a rocking chair, which was received by his wife, a lady precise in her speech. When sent to his residence, upon making trial of the chair, the gentleman expressed his great satisfaction with it, when his wife remarked, "The man said its equilibrium was very accurately adjusted." "Did he really say that—those very words?" inquired the husband. "Why no, not exactly," replied the lady; "he said it juggled just right."

Historical.

MEMOIR OF RHODE ISLAND 1670.

In 1668, the assembly appointed Mr. Wyllys, and Mr. Robt. Thomson of London, by petition or otherwise, to represent the affair to his majesty, and obtain a resolution respecting boundary line. Nothing decisive, however, was effected. Meanwhile the conduct of Rhode-Island was such, that the general assembly of Connecticut declared it to be intolerable, and contrary to the settlement made by his majesty's commissioners. The assembly therefore, in May 1670, appointed Mr. Keet, the deputy-governor, John Allen and James Richards, Esquires, Captain John Winthrop, and Captain Benjamin Newbury, a committee to meet at New London, the June following, to treat with such gentlemen, from Rhode-Island, as should be sent properly authorized to act in the affair; and concerning the injuries, which the inhabitants of that colony had done to the people of Connecticut. They were not vested with plenary power to compromise these difficulties; but, in case the commissioners from Rhode-Island would not agree to some equitable mode of settlement, to reduce the people of Squamack and Narragansett to obedience to this colony. They were also authorized to hold courts in the Pequot and Narragansett country, and to hear and determine all cases of injury, which had been done to the inhabitants of Connecticut, according to law. Instructions were also given them to appoint all officers necessary for the peaceful government of that part of the colony.

The commissioners of the two colonies met at New London but could effect no settlement of the controversy. The commissioners of Rhode-Island insisted, that Pawcatuck river was their boundary according to the express words of their charter. Those from Connecticut insisted, that their charter, which was prior to that of Rhode-Island bounded them easterly to the Pequot country, which they had conquered, extended ten miles east of Pawcatuck; that therefore they had a right to that port both by charter and conquest.

As no agreement could be effected, the committee from Connecticut, went into the Narragansett country, and read the charter at Wickford and the plantations east of Pawcatuck river, and in the name of the general assembly of Connecticut, demanded the admission and obedience of the people to its authority and laws.—They also appointed officers for the good government of the people.

Both colonies had something plausible to plead. The case truly stated is this: The old patent of Connecticut, to Lord Say and Seal, Lord Brook and their associates, bounded the tract conveyed eastward by Narragansett bay and river. The charter granted April 1662, gave the same boundaries as the old patent in 1631.—Pawcatuck river was never known by the name of Narragansett river, and it made no bay; consequently the mouth of it at the sea there could not be called the Narragansett bay. But when Mr. John Clark was in England, as agent for the colony of Rhode-Island in 1663, there arose much difficulty between him and Mr. Winthrop respecting the boundaries between the two colonies. They were advised by their friends, to submit the controverted points, to arbitrators in England; to which they consented. William Brewster, Esquire, Mayor Robert Thomson, Captain Richard Denne, Captain John Brookhaven and Doctor Benjamin Worsley were mutually chosen to hear and determine the differences between them. They came to the following determination.

"First, That a river there commonly called and known by Pawcatuck river shall be the certain bounds between these two colonies, which said river shall for the future, be also called alias Narragansett or Narragansett river."

"Secondly, If any part of that purchase at Quinebaug doth lie along upon the east side of the river, that goeth down by London, within six miles of the said river, that then it shall wholly belong to Connecticut Colony, as well as the rest which lieth on the western side of the aforesaid river."

"Thirdly, That the proprietors and inhabitants of that land about Mr. Smith's trading house, claimed or purchased by Major Atherton, Captain Hutchinson, Lieutenant Hudson, and others, or given unto them by Indians, shall have liberty to choose to which of those colonies they belong."

"Fourthly, That propriety shall not be altered nor destroyed, but carefully maintained through the said colonies."

To this, the two agents, John Winthrop and John Clark, Esquires, interchangeably set their hands and seals, as an agreement finally terminating the controversy between them. This was signed by them on the 7th of March, 1663.

In consequence of this agreement, the

